

Ecstatic Apathy & a Worthless Creature

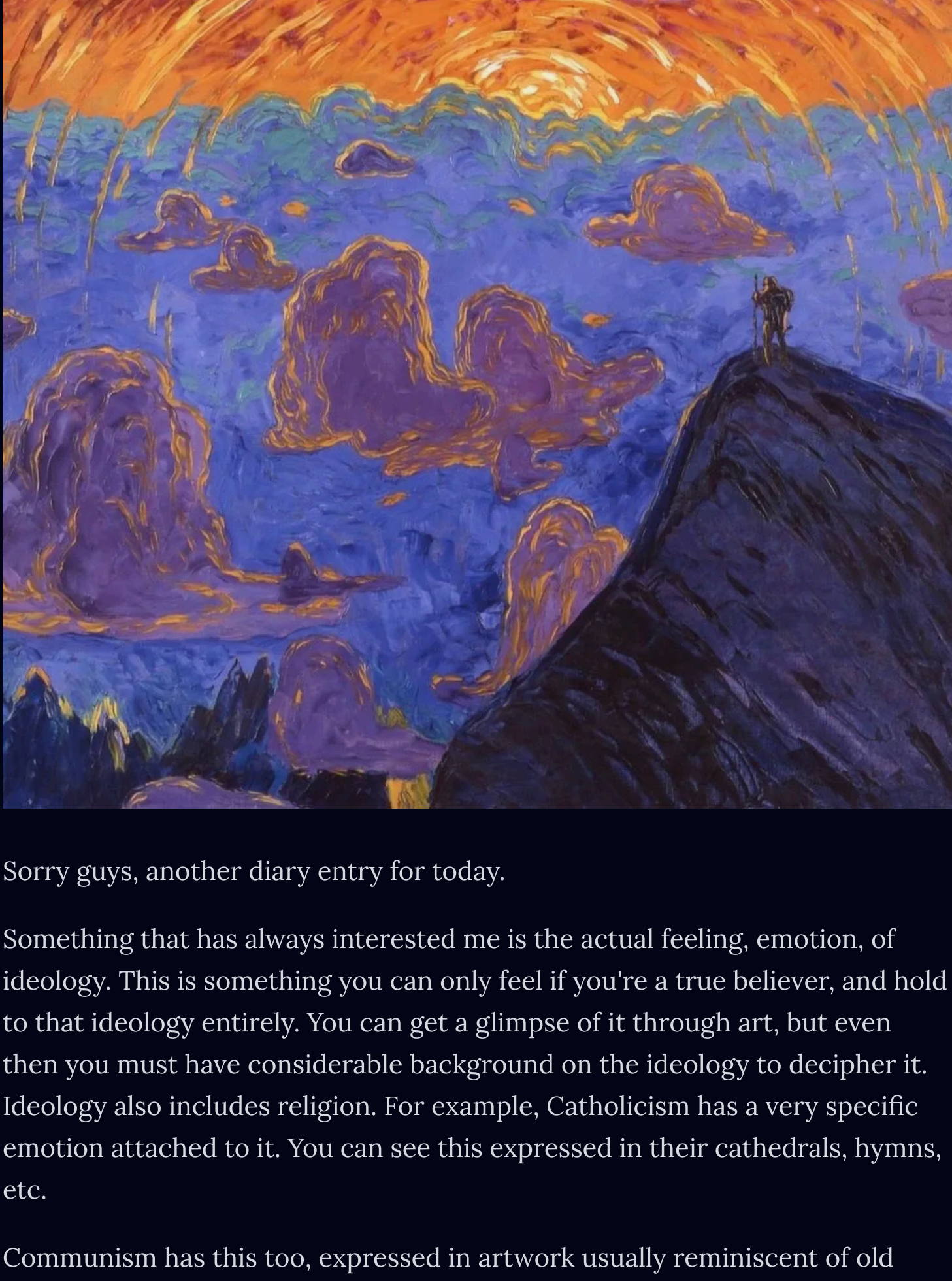
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Sorry guys, another diary entry for today.

Something that has always interested me is the actual feeling, emotion, of ideology. This is something you can only feel if you're a true believer, and hold to that ideology entirely. You can get a glimpse of it through art, but even then you must have considerable background on the ideology to decipher it. Ideology also includes religion. For example, Catholicism has a very specific emotion attached to it. You can see this expressed in their cathedrals, hymns, etc.

Communism has this too, expressed in artwork usually reminiscent of old propaganda posters. One of the defining features of the communist emotion is obvious resentment, the keystone of the ideology. This becomes especially pronounced in post-Soviet flavors, the Frankfurt school & it's offspring, in which this resentment takes aim on many groups ranging from Europeans, men, or any other group with real or perceived power. Modern liberalism is fairly well understood as the ideology of a slightly overweight kindergarten teacher, this is the feeling it expresses. The liberal experience.

I doubt this is a wild concept for most, you probably understood it already even if it wasn't articulated. Ideology is above all an emotional experience, this is why no amount of "facts & logic" will ever kill an ideology. It's no more possible than attempting to end suffering, or whatever other emotion. This is also why aesthetics are more important than anything else in the game of ideology. Ugly aesthetics are reflective of ugly ideas coming from ugly people. If you saw the type of people who create or commission those minimalist corporate art pieces, the ones common in advertising, you would see a paradigm of the "bugmen."

Regardless, the actual purpose of this article is an attempt to articulate my own emotional experience throughout my ideological journey, mainly the parts I was actually somewhat conscious of. This is something that's difficult to do because our camp is few & far between. The Fascist, as an archetype, is a rare breed that only occasionally becomes a widespread phenomenon in history. Most of these have refrained from documenting their mentality, for both ideological & practical reasons. There's also the fact that many have wildly different worldviews, even if the real world effects are seemingly identical, like Evola & Nietzsche. One of the best is surely Yukio Mishima, once you grasp the ethnic & historical background inherent to the writings of a Japanese man & 'translate' that into European.

Around 2019 is when I'll say I became philosophically conscious. I was involved with things like politics for years at this point, but I was far too young & uneducated to actually articulate or truly understand the deeper meanings to these ideas. Most of my understanding was purely practical matters or unconscious aesthetic draw. 2019 to 2021 was also hell, some have called this the high water mark for leftism in US. The principal feeling, for myself & the general zeitgeist, was fear & anxiety. "Clown world" was a popular phrase at the time, an acknowledgment that seemingly everything was going wrong at once. The sentiment during this time was simply that whatever was happening must be stopped, no matter how. There had to be an alternative & people clung to anything that allowed them to 'Revolt Against the Modern World', either in emotion or reality.

Around this time, I broke off from the overall RW zeitgeist. I've written about this a few times, I simply stopped following politics or related subjects after joining the military. I didn't go braindead, but most of my curiosity was focused on self reflection or spiritual matters. The reason is fairly obvious, I had reached maturity & joined adult society. Beyond that, I was also a new member of the Marines, which doesn't leave much room for exploring topics that aren't immediately important to myself. After being in the military for almost 2 years, enough to become fully comfortable with my station, I once again had the time & freedom to seriously engage with the outside world.

This is the point in my life documented in [Confrontations With The Absurd](#). After the culmination of that period, and the full adoption of my current *Weltanschauung*, I had the knowledge (& frontal lobe development) to actually understand the aesthetic factors that originally drew me towards the fringes of the RW, towards the National Socialists & Blackshirts. I also began to see the links between seemingly unrelated or even contradictory individuals/movements in history. Why the New Right held Mishima in a similar regard to Mussolini, or Jünger & Marinetti having similar importance. Fundamentally, it's the same sort of respect a knight would have for his adversary in the age of chivalry. These men were all very similar, even if their exact will ran counter to one another here & there.

The Italian Blackshirts had a motto, "*Me ne frego*." Meaning simply, "I don't care." This was adopted from the Arditi, Italian shock troops, who used during WWI. In my younger years, I didn't really understand it. Not from the Fascists or the Arditi, who I assumed would be driven by strong patriotism. If anything, I thought they would care more than anyone. It wasn't until I joined the military & engaged in militarist authors more seriously that I began to understand.

The Arditi weren't driven by patriotism, nor were the *Sturmtruppen* or other elite forces. That isn't to say they didn't love their homelands, but just that this love wasn't the reason they were in these units. You see, patriotism only really compels one to serve their country. There's a lot of patriots driving trucks & organizing warehouses in the military. It does not draw ones towards combat, towards the infantry or armor. There's always a separate draw, often patriotism is entirely absent. You can see this vividly in the writings of Ernst Jünger, whos warrior nature led him into the *Sturmtruppen* when he could have easily found a desk job as a staff officer. Yukio Mishima also writes on this, from the perspective of someone without a war to call his own. The many pieces of poetry written by past Samurai, especially their 'death poems,' are often great sources.

A repeating theme in warrior literature is a chronic lack of care, to a point that modern psychologists would call it dissociation. The thing they cared least about was their own lives, often having little anxiety over their mortality & sometimes actively seeking a *beautiful death*. This is what the Arditi spoke of when they say *me ne frego*, that they do not care about the dangers & hardships inherent to a shock unit. The Arditi, famously, took extremely high casualty rates & fought in the absolute worst areas of the front. The job a shock unit is quite literally to charge machine guns & break ground on the enemy line.

Modern militaries are no different. I recognized this very early on, when I started the enlistment process in high school & spoke to other wannabes. There was a distinct difference in motivation between those that wanted to be infantry & the rest. Later on, there was a distinct difference between those that actually liked the infantry & those that wanted to be cool but couldn't hang. Patriotism is absent, most people actively dislike the US, at least the government & usually the bottom 50% of the population. Few can actually explain this. If you asked my roommate why he joined the military, you'd get some lukewarm response like "to serve my country" or "pay for college." This isn't adequate however, they could have done this in an administrative job without ever having to run around in the freezing rain.

If I ask him, he will look at me like a retard because he knows I already implicitly understand. He will then say a famous phrase in the infantry community, "I join to go to war & kill people." Verbatim. This is usually said in a tone that suggests you're an idiot for even having to ask. What's funny is that this is only implicitly known within the infantry, and other combat arms fields. It's an alien concept to people who come into contact with it. People like the career planner, chaplains, and other POCs who have the disservice of interacting with an infantry unit are usually dumbfounded when they hear that you want to remain in the infantry after reenlisting, or that your lack of motivation is due to the lack of war rather than getting beat up for fucking up down range.

This is the great pain of the post-GWOT vet, the peacetime Marine Corps, where the suicide rate is multiple times higher than it is during the height of the war. The common thread among combat units is the aforementioned lack of care. People simply don't care about creature comforts, interpersonal drama, political theater, or anything else that the mainstream mind is preoccupied with. *Hurt Locker* (2008) is a pretty bad war movie, but the end is excellent display of transitioning. There's a scene near the end where the protagonist is walking through the grocery store & about to buy cereal. He's somewhat shocked at the amount of different brands. I've seen some try to explain this as him being overwhelmed & lacking purpose, this is false. He's shocked because it simply doesn't matter, he doesn't care about the cereal & it's a pointless use of brain power to have to pick one. This is an accurate representation of how it feels to go home on leave & hear people talk about their coworkers or new decorations for their house.

Fascism, National Socialism, & any other adjacent ideology is inherently militaristic. Always. The people who founded them were military men, much of their supporters came from the military. The Blackshirts didn't steal the Arditi's motto, they inherited it from the ex-Arditi in their ranks. It should be of no surprise that authors like Jünger & Mishima became popular with the neofascists or New Right. There's a common thread between the worldviews of the archetypal Fascist & archetypal shock troop. From the Nietzschean perspective, this is the "aristocratic carelessness" often seen. Kein Mitleid mit der Mehrheit, no pity for the majority or care for their relatively petty concerns.

This is the emotion I feel as a National Socialist, the subjective feeling of my *Weltanschauung*, ecstatic apathy. It's not so much a Buddhist feeling of detachment, but simply indifference to most things. I believe this sort of carelessness is a major driver for the appreciation of beauty, and the pursuit of things like spirituality or philosophy. All of the markers of "high culture." I doubt it's possible to pursue these things if you hold too much anxiety for the mundane nonsense of the masses. I also consider this a positive emotion, especially after years of anxiety over the future of Western civilization or something similar.

The song that most closely resembles this feeling is Goth by Sidewalks & Skeletons.

The animal I identify with the most, my spirit animal if you will, is a cat. I'd like to say it's a tiger or some other big cat, but it feels too vain. I strive for this, but am not yet there. Further, the common house cat has significance due to its loose domestication. I say loose because house cats are not domesticated in the same way as dogs or many livestock. Their behavior & physiology has changed little over the centuries. This can be seen when they are thrown into the wild, where they are usually still competent hunters & can survive fine even if they spent their entire lives indoors. They are an aristocratic creature, who refuses to obey commands & spends their time climbing, lounging in the sun, sharpening their claws, and hunting. Even the most squeamish house cat will return to its warrior instincts when it sees a critter scurry across the room.


I like to think of myself, and my spiritual kindred, as these house cats. The house & childless woman who owns us are appropriate portrayals of modern civilization. Much like the cat, our baseline emotional state is boredom. Stimulated only by echoes of war, like attacking a ball of string in lieu of actual prey. This sort of "spirit animal" analogy can be used for most types of human. B&P has already referred to the nerdy tech dork as "bugmen." The overweight Marvel fan that spends his days browsing Reddit & playing gay video games can be seen as a Pug. Useless & their survival is only possible due to modernity, against the will of nature. I could go on, but would rather not list of the various breeds of human. You already know who pitbulls represent.

I say this in order to articulate my emotion, they are that of cat climbing a book shelf. Curiosity & a lack of care. Occasionally, I see a lizard crawl across the ground & my mind is instinctively switched on to killer mode, briefly surging with excitement. Of course, my lizard is a random fight with a coworker over something that didn't necessitate a fight. Close enough. I once watched a house cat fight a coyote, it was my neighbor's. A fairly average sized one, white & gray with a bright blue collar. It was lounging on their back porch & one of the local coyotes wandered through the bushes. The cat, I believe named 'Misty' or something similar, stared at it & moved into a combat pose. The coyote started walking over, fairly relaxed. Before he reached the cat, it pounced on him. The coyote only actually got one bite in, on the cat's shoulder, but failed to hold on under a flurry of punches. By the end of it, about 30 seconds in all, the coyote sprinted out of the yard with a bloody face. I believe one of his eyes was slashed out, but couldn't see for certain.

I knocked on my neighbors back door to tell them what happened, since Misty was bloody & I didn't know whose blood it was. As I told her, the cat jumped on to a table & started licking her wounds. She was seemingly unbothered by the fight, or the bite wound. She seemed proud of her victory, but that may have just been the baseline smug look all cats have. I saw her a few days later sitting on the porch again, still unconcerned. This episode has stuck with me. I reject any notion of the afterlife that doesn't put Misty in glorified position.

I hope my own coyote comes soon, regardless of the outcome.

Hail Victory



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